Hath bard vs of obedience vnto *Iohn*,
This hatefull murder, *Lewis* his true descent,
The holy charge that we receiu'd from Rome,
Are weightie reasons, if you like my reed,
To make vs all persever in this deed.

Pemb. My Lord of *Essex*, well haue you aduis'd,
I will accord to further you in this.

Salis. And *Salisbury* will not gainesay the same:
But aide that course as farre forth as he can.

Essex. Then each of vs send straight to his allies,
To win them to this famous enterprise:
And let vs all y clad in Palmers weed,
The tenth of Aprill at S. *Edmunds Bury*
Meet to conferre, and on the altar there
Sweare secrecy and aid to this aduise.
Meane while, let vs conuey this body hence,
And giue him buriall, as befits his state,
Keeping his moneths mind, and his obsequis
With solemne intercession for his soule.
How say you Lordings, are you all agreed?

Pemb. The tenth of Aprill at S. *Edmunds Burie.*
God letting not, I will not faile the time.

Essex. Then let vs all conuey the body hence. *Exeunt.*

Enter K. Iohn, *with two or three, and the Prophet.*

Ioh. Disturbed thoughts, foredoomers of mine ill,
Distracted passions, signes of growing harmes,
Strange prophecies of imminent mishaps,
Confound my wits, and dull my senses so,
That euery obiect these mine eyes behold,
Seeme instruments to bring me to my end.
Ascension day is come, *Iohn* feare not then
The prodigies that prattling Prophet threats.
Tis come indeed: ah were it fully past,
Then were I careless of a thousand feares.

The Diall tels me, it is twelue at noo
Were twelue at midnight past, then
False seers propheſies of no import
Could I as well with this right han
Remoue the Sunne from our Meri
Vnto the mooneſted circle of th'an
As turne this ſteele from twelue to
Then *Iohn*, the date of fatall Prophe
Should with the Prophets life toge
But *multa cadunt inter calicem ſuprem*
Peter, vnſay thy fooliſh doting dre
And by the crowne of England hee
To make thee great, and greateſt o
Peter. King *Iohn*, although the ti
Be but twelue houres remaining ye
Yet doe I know by inſpiration,
Ere that fixt time be fully come ab
King *Iohn* ſhall not be King as heer
Iohn. Vaine buzzard, what mi
To ſet a King beſide his regall ſeat
My heart is good, my body paſſin
My Land in peace, my enemies ſub
Onely my Barons ſtorme at *Arthur*
But *Arthur* liues, I, there the challen
Were he diſpatchd vnto his longeſ
Then were the King ſecure of thou
Hubert what newes with thee, wher
Hub. Hard newes my Lord, *Arth*
Seeking to eſcape ouer the Caſtle w
Fell headlong downe, and in the c
He brake his bones, and there befo
Your barons found him dead and b
Ioh. Is *Arthur* dead? then *Hubert*
hang the Prophet.
Away with *Peter*, villaine out of m
I am deafe, be gone, let him not ſp

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)